

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

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MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

COHELETH AND PHLALETHES.

Coheleth. We wish to know what the Unitarians believe?—We believe they preach another gospel.

Phlaletes. I will state what they believe, and what they do not believe, and what they preach.

They do not believe that God is the cause of sin and fountain of all iniquity.

They do not believe that he made a part of mankind to go to hell without affording them sufficient means to avoid it.

They believe that Christ has redeemed all mankind, and placed them in a salvable state; so that none will perish for want of means to avoid it.

They believe that all mankind have grace, and the assistance of the holy Spirit sufficient for their salvation, so that if they perish it is their own fault.

They believe that God did not die and suffer for sin.

They believe that sin and guilt were not imputed to Christ, and that he was not the most accursed being that ever lived.

They believe that sin and guilt are personal, and cannot be transferred from one being to another.

They believe that the Bible is a perfect rule of faith and practice, and intelligible, and that all the seeming mysteries and contradictions arise from our ignorance of its true meaning, and if duly examined it may be understood.

They believe that there is no imputation of sin but to the sinner, or of righteousness but to the righteous.

They believe you do not understand the scripture doctrine of the atonement; the word is not but once used in the New Testament, and there translated wrong.

They preach that there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all.

They preach that Christ died for our sins, and rose again, and that through this name is preached the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses.

They preach that Christ is the mercy seat from which God dispensed mercy to repentant sinners—the throne of grace, to which all may come freely and find grace to help in time of need.

They preach, that Christ has done all that God thought fit should be done, and sufficient in order to the salvation of man.

They preach that men will be rewarded or punished according to their works, and that without personal holiness, no man can see God, and that mankind should live in the commission of no sin, and in the omission of no duty, and that those who do so have the best prospect of happiness hereafter.—This is the dry morality they preach. Whether it is another gospel, let the reader judge.

AN OLD UNITARIAN.

Tiverton, June 13, 1822.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE UNITY OF GOD FROM THE TESTIMONY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Notwithstanding the proof of the Unity of God afforded by the harmonious correspondence of parts in the material creation, it is probable that this doctrine would have been unknown or little regarded, if it had not been taught to mankind by the clear and authoritative voice of Divine Revelation. In almost every page of the Bible it shines with incomparable lustre. To reveal, establish, and propagate this tenet, to which, however sublime and rational, men have in all ages evinced a strong disinclination, was the great end proposed to be accomplished by the inspiration of the Hebrew Prophets, and by the splendid series of miracles recorded in the Old Testament. To promulgate the same great truth among heathen nations, and ultimately to effect its universal reception in the world, appears to have been one of the principal purposes, which God designed to answer by the mission of our Lord Jesus Christ.

For examples of Scripture testimonies in proof of this doctrine, which are so well known that it is unnecessary to quote them at length, I refer to the following passages; Ex. xx. 3. Deut. iv. 35, 39. vi. 4. 1 Sam. ii. 2. Ps. lxxxvi. 10. Is. xlv. 6. xlv. 5, 6, 7, 14, 18, 21, 22. Mal. ii. 10. Mat. xxiii. 9. Mark xii. 29, 32. 1 Cor. viii. 4—6. Gal. iii. 20. Eph. iv. 6. 1 Tim. i. 17. ii. 5. vi. 15, 16. James ii. 19. Jude 25.

These texts will be understood by all persons whose minds are not pre-engaged in favour of an opposite opinion, as asserting the existence of one only Supreme Mind. When, for instance, we read, that "there is one God, and there is none other but he," unless we are swayed by prejudice, these words will at once suggest the idea of One Intelligent Being, alone possessed of every perfection, the cause and original of all things. The word God does not denote a collection of persons, or a council of intelligent agents; it signifies simply one person or intelligent agent. Consequently every text, which affirms that there is but one God, implies that there is but one person in the Godhead.

The Unity of God, as one individual person, is also denoted throughout the Bible by the almost constant use of singular pronouns, whenever any thought, action, attribute, or condition, is ascribed to the Supreme Being. In all languages the personal pronouns of the singular number are understood to apply only to one person. Thus, if I were writing a letter, by employing the pronouns of the first person and singular number, *I, Me, My*, I should confine my assertions to myself as one individual person. By using the pronouns of the second person and singular number, *Thou, Thee, Thy*, I should indicate that my assertions were addressed to my correspondent as one individual person. By introducing the pronouns of the third person and singular number, *He, Him, His*, I should denote, that it was one person only, whom I was speaking of. If, on the contrary, I were writing a letter in conjunction with any other intelligent being, we should use the pronouns *We, Us, Our*; or, if I were addressing in my letter more persons than one, I should say, *Ye, You, Your*; and, if I were writing any thing of more than one person, I should say, *They, Them, Their*.

Such being the universal application of pronouns, it is evident, not only to those who have studied

Greek and Hebrew, but to all who know the use and meaning of human speech, that throughout the whole Bible God is almost uniformly mentioned as one person, this being implied in the almost constant use of singular pronouns.

When God appears to Abraham, he thus speaks; (Gen. xii. 1, 2.) "I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect; and I will make my covenant between me and thee." To represent the address of more persons than one, the following language would have been employed:—"We are the Almighty God, (or Almighty Gods,) walk before us and be thou perfect; and we will make our covenant between us and thee." The Levites are stated in the book of Nehemiah, (ch. ix. 6.) to have uttered the following language of adoration; "Thou, even thou, art Lord alone; thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth and all things that are therein, the seas and all that is therein, and thou preservest them all; and the host of heaven worshippeth thee." This language necessarily signifies, that the Being, whom they designate "Lord alone," was one person. If he had been conceived to be more than one, the Levites would have expressed themselves thus; "Ye, even ye are Lord, (or Lords,) alone; ye have made heaven, the heaven of heavens, &c. and ye preserve them all; and the host of heaven worshippeth you." As an example from the New Testament, and of the use of the pronoun of the third person, we may take Heb. xi. 6. "But without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." If the author of the epistle had conceived himself to be speaking of a plurality of persons, he would assuredly have said, "Without faith it is impossible to please them; for he that cometh to God, must believe that they are rewarders of them that diligently seek them."

These three texts are only produced by way of illustration. The other passages, which assert the Deity to be one person by applying to him singular pronouns, extend from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of the Revelation. Like the sands upon the sea-shore, they cannot be numbered for multitude.

The testimony of the Scriptures is therefore consonant to the voice of reason in teaching that there is but one Supreme and Infinite Mind, the uncreated Jehovah, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, who is alone Eternal, Independent, and Immutable, the sole original fountain of life, perfection, and happiness.—YATES.

FROM FOSTER'S ESSAY ON POPULAR IGNORANCE.

It is grievous to think there should be a large, and almost perpetual stream of words, conveying crudities, extravagancies, arrogant dictates of ignorance, pompous nothings, vulgarities, catches of idle fantasy, and impertinences of the speaker's vanity, as religious instruction, to assemblages of ignorant people. But then, how to turn this current away, to waste itself, as it deserves, in the swamps of the solitary desert? The thing to be wished is, that it were possible to put some strong coercion on the minds, (we deprecate all other restraint,) of the teachers, a compulsion to feel the necessity of information, sense, disciplined thinking, the correct use of words, and the avoid-

See J. P. Waterbury.

vice at once of soporific, formality and wild excess. There are signs of amendment, certainly; but while the passion of human beings for notoriety lasts, (which will be yet a considerable time,) there will not fail to be men, in any number required, ready to exhibit in religion, in any manner in which the people are willing to be pleased with them. The effectual method will be, to take the matter in the inverted order, and endeavour to secure that those who assemble to be taught, shall already have learnt so much by other means, as to impose upon their teachers the necessity of wisdom. But by what other means, except the discipline of the best education possible to be given to them, and the subsequent voluntary self-improvement to which it may be hoped that such an education would often lead?

FROM THE BOSTON SPECTATOR.

ADVANTAGES OF METAPHYSICAL STUDIES.

Many persons there are, who have conceived a prejudice against metaphysical science, because they erroneously imagine that it indisposes the mind towards other pursuits more agreeable to popular taste. The examples of several celebrated men contradict this opinion from the time when

Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status, et res,

to the last century, when the taste and knowledge of Berkley surprised the artists of Italy; the accomplishments of the young Helvetius were admired in the circles of Paris; and the grave and the gay, the sage and the youth, could take delight in the conversation of subtle Hume. *I am the person whom you wish to see,* said Plato to his foreign guests, who desired their agreeable host to introduce them to his grave namesake the philosopher. Why should it be imagined, that the mind grows severe as it becomes enlightened, or that the knowledge of man unfits us for the society of mankind?

One is, indeed, surprised at the strange notions which men, who are quite ignorant of its nature, have formed of this branch of philosophy. There are some who seriously believe that this science serves only to darken and bewilder the understanding; while others suppose that it consists in the babbling of a pedantic jargon which constituted the barbarous language of the scholastic learning. If a perplexed reasoner puzzle himself and his audience, we are almost always sure to hear his metaphysical subtlety reproved or lamented; and he, upon his part, seldom fails to ascribe the confusion of his ideas to the obscure nature of all speculative doctrines. If a pert rhetorician becomes entangled in his own sophistries, he is ever ready to accuse himself of having too much of the very logic which he wants. There is not a mere *tyro* in literature, who has blundered round the meaning of a chapter in Plato, but is content to mistake himself for a philosopher. A sciolist cannot set up for an atheist, without first hailing himself a metaphysician; while an ignorant dogmatist no sooner finds himself embarrassed with a doubt than he seeks to avenge his offended vanity, by representing all metaphysical inquiries as idle or mischievous. Thus the noblest of the sciences is mistaken and vilified by the folly of some, and by the prejudices of others; by the impertinent vanity of a few, who could never understand it; and by the unjustifiable censures of many, who have never given it a fair and candid examination. He, however, who has been accustomed to meditate the principles of things, the springs of action, the foundations of political government, the sources of moral law, the nature of the passions, the influence of habit and association, the formation of character and temper, the faculties of the soul, and the philosophy of the mind, will not be persuaded that these subjects have been unworthy of

his patient attention, because presumptuous writers have abused the liberty of investigation, or because dull ones have found it unavailing. He knows that metaphysics do not exclude other learning; that, on the contrary, they blend themselves with all the sciences. He feels the love of truth grow strong with the search of it; he confesses the very bounded powers of the human understanding, while he contemplates the immensity of nature, and the majesty of God; but he thinks that his researches may contribute to enlarge and correct his own notions; that they may teach him how to reason with precision; and may instruct him in the knowledge of himself. His time, he believes, is seldom employed to greater advantage, than when he considers what may be the nature of his intellectual being, examines the extent of his moral duties, investigates the sources of happiness, and demonstrates the means by which it may be more generally diffused.

It is nothing to him, that his tone and his language are ill imitated by the sophist; that he is considered as a useless member of society by the heavy, plodding man of business; or that he is exposed to the impotent ridicule of the gaudy coxcomb, by whom he can never be approved, because he can never be understood. What is it to him, though his name be unknown among the monopolizers, the schemers, and the projectors, that throng the crowded capital of a mercantile nation? What is it to him, though his talents be undervalued by the votaries and the victims of dissipation, folly, and fashion? What is it to him, though grandeur should have withdrawn its protection from genius; though ambition should be satisfied with power alone; and though power should only exert its efforts to preserve itself? These things may not affect him: they may neither interrupt the course of his studies, nor disturb the serenity of his mind. But what must be his feelings, if he should find, that philosophy is persecuted, where science is professed to be taught? Are there not some, who seem desirous of excluding it from the plan of public education? The advantages which are to be derived from classical knowledge are well understood in one place; and a profound acquaintance with mathematics is highly estimated in another; while the study of the human mind, which is the study of human nature, and that examination of principles which is so necessary to the scrutiny of truth, are either discouraged as dangerous, or neglected as useless.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF HONOUR.

A Spanish Cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him; for he had thrown himself unperceived over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, giving him half a peach. "You now know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him, as soon as it was night, he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had scarce seated himself when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first shock of the surprise was a little over, he learnt, from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but as soon as it was dark, he retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then accosting the Spaniard, he said, "Christian, the person you have killed is my son; his body is now in my house.—

You ought to suffer; but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, "Fly far while the night can cover you; you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood; but God is just and good; and I thank him, I am innocent of yours, and that my faith given is preserved."

Christian Philanthropist.

NEW-BEDFORD, JUNE 18, 1822.

HISTORY OF LETTERS—CONTINUED.

Whenever we turn our attention to the early history of the people of Italy, and search for some evidence of those high and heroic virtues which we esteem worthy of admiration, we meet, after an accurate survey, little else but disappointment, and are ready to acknowledge, that the most splendid train of national recollections is not always sufficient to counteract the enervating influence of a luxurious climate, or to change the malignant tenour of political events. We believe it will be found to hold true, that those exertions which are attendant on the settlement of states, the framing of governments, or on any incipient institutions whatever, and which in their progress give rise to the greatest and most vigorous efforts of genius, are absolutely the result of necessity—a principle which must operate but feebly on nations in a state of security, which have nothing to excite desire or to call for the enterprize, as well as upon those individuals who have lost all their mental vigour, and have given themselves up entirely to the pursuit of pleasure, as was the case in Italy. Nothing was disregarded by the Italians which could embellish life—nothing was esteemed valuable that was not agreeable. Every national effort was directed to one solitary purpose, that of amusement. The principle of fame which operates so powerfully with other people, gained no ascendancy here: Still less were their elastic spirits possessed with the love of simple ideas, or of practical truth. Utility was a principle they had never known or applied to the purposes of life. They were, in fact, poets, sculptors, actors, musicians—any thing indeed but philosophers. Heaven, in the distribution of its favours, had shed choice radiance on the talents of their artists; had diffused new beauty over their canvasses—given a lively variety to their shades, and illuminated their way to the delicious spots and landscapes of Italian scenery, while patronage smiled upon them, and interest escorted them to the very portals of their academies, and public display roused all the nerves and sinews of their ambition. Their feelings were constantly ravished with the harmony of sounds and the eloquence of language, or their fancy revelled amid the charms of poetic invention, or caught enthusiasm from the variable changes of the drama, or the romantic fictions of chivalry.

Nothing was wanting to render them completely happy but liberty and political independence. Their reverence for antiquated forms of authority, and their serious belief in the infallibility and righteous supremacy of the popish dynasty, or an unwillingness either to believe themselves deceived, or to break the spell which had so long bound them, rendered them absolutely indifferent to these exalted safeguards of virtue and of national glory. They seemed to have derived from the poetry of Horace, or from some other source equally respectable, a species of Epicurean philosophy, which taught them to disregard the future, to consider the brevity of human life, and the propriety of devoting every moment of the

allotted period to gaiety and pleasure. The path which was first marked out by the taste of the people, they were permitted for a long time to pursue. Religion, by consecrating to its use without mutilation or the fear of pollution, the sacred temples of antiquity, dedicated to the worship of a Jupiter, a Venus, or an Apollo, constantly kept alive an attention to the arts, by reminding them of the improvements of the preceding ages, at the same time that it recommended as it respected the embellishment of their chapels, the construction of their abbeys, monasteries and cathedrals, the utmost elegance, and a constant attention to preserve at least, if nothing more, the external attributes of grandeur.

Among a people so entirely devoted to sensitive gratifications, it is not surprising that they did not turn their attention at once to the study of the sciences, which require an extraordinary degree of vigour and mental energy. As however, they, as a nation, continued to advance with the progress of the understanding, which always derives some strength from the exercise of any of the intellectual faculties—after they had reached that limit of perfection in the arts, which was likely to paralyze every successive effort of the same kind, the mind being at a stand and at liberty to turn itself to any subject, chose to pursue those more abstract and difficult studies, which require not only the most laborious researches of reason, but also the highest efforts of creative intellect, and whose certainty is equally independent of all those natural, civil and political principles which give to nations a certain moral standing, and the impression of a peculiar cast or character.

Upon the appearance of a few great and choice spirits, who started from the final boundary of every antecedent effort, and struck out to themselves paths which had never before been travelled, the general national feeling which appears first to have been entertained towards them, was that of astonishment, and afterwards that of contempt. As is the case with all great men who appear in an illiterate age, they were viewed by the Italians with much distrust, as beings of a different order from themselves, who carried on perhaps, an intercourse with spirits of another world, and were instructed by them in all the tricks and artifices of imposture, or as deluded castle-builders, whose heterogeneous doctrines were unintelligible to every body but themselves, and were never destined to survive the period of their own ephemeral existence. Certain it is, that genius did not acquire here that early sovereignty with which it has been sometimes invested in other nations. Ignorant of those great laws of nature, by which the vast frame of this material universe is held together in its orbit, or sustained in its courses, they considered it would be very profane in them to comment on events, which it might be the peculiar province of Thor or Odin, to determine, or of some agent far superior to either of these in dignity and rank, and that those must be bereft of some of their faculties, who should with the limited information the world had then arrived at, presume to offer theories respecting the light of the comets, the revolutions of the globe, the eclipses of the sun and moon, or any other important phenomenon of nature, which fell without the cognizance of common observation. We know that Galileo, venerable as he was for wisdom, was continually pursued with the most bitter persecutions for having announced to mankind the result of a most important discovery in natural philosophy, which has been the basis of the most enlightened speculations ever since his time. This crime was considered at that day, as nothing more nor less than a heresy of a dangerous, though of a doubtful tendency. At any rate,

it is to Galileo and Cassini, and almost to them alone, that Italy owed its progress in intellectual philosophy. They rose far above the age in which they lived, and may be said to have acquired, not so much for Italy as for themselves, a lasting reputation in that province of genius. The country, it is true, had the honor of giving them birth, but it never duly appreciated their talents, or extended to them the protection which they merited.

The Italians never succeeded in that species of philosophy, which consists in the study of man as a moral agent, in the analysis of past events, or in the application of truth to the exalted purposes of liberty and virtue. Superstition, which elevates ignorance at the expense of every progressive faculty of the understanding, had effectually supplied its place, and occupied every avenue to its entrance. As every effort went to terminate in some visible or definite result, they never were willing to persuade themselves, after they had reached the limit of perfection in the arts, or that of certainty in the sciences, that there was any other sphere of intellectual improvement, which though less tangible, might afford an equal, if not a higher degree of national enjoyment. The "theory of vice" and of political usurpation was not favourable to philosophy, much less to eloquence, which derives all its support from those institutions which are the offspring of liberty, as well as its most impassioned sentiments and finest imagery from the heroism of virtue, and the devotion of the whole heart to the interests of the country.

A further consideration of the Spanish and Italian literature will be continued in our next number. (To be continued.)

Foreign and Domestic Intelligence.

Russia and Turkey.—From neither of these two formidable powers, which assumed so long since a threatening posture, have we any late positive intelligence. Their relative situation does not appear to have materially varied for several months; in fact, it is nearly a year since the hostile attitude assumed by Russia first gave rise to a belief, that war would inevitably ensue. Since that period, however, we have had occasional rumours of an amicable adjustment of differences between the two powers, which have been followed by renewed appearances of a warlike character; and these variations have been so frequent, as to puzzle our wisest political speculators. As war rumours were prevalent at the date of our last advices from the continent, we wait with some anxiety another arrival. More than six weeks have now elapsed since our last dates from London.—*Boston Patriot.*

It appears by late Paris papers, that a great effort is making in the French house of Peers, to abolish the slave trade, so far as it is still carried on under the French flag.

An ambassador has lately been sent from the King of Madagascar to England. On his return he was accompanied by Missionaries, who have all safely arrived at the Mauritius.

Fire in the Woods.—Extensive damage has been done by fires to the woodland, fields of grain, &c. in the States of Maine and Connecticut. In Somerset and Clinton counties (Me.) several dwelling-houses, barns, and mills have fallen a prey to the fire, which at the last dates had baffled all efforts to arrest its progress.—About one thousand acres of woodland in Killingly and Pomfret, (Con.) have been burnt over, and the principal part of the timber destroyed. It is feared that a man and boy in Voluntown, who were known to have been assisting in quelling the fire, are destroyed.

The Legislature of Connecticut, at their recent session, made a grant of \$5000 to the Insane Hospital, about to be established in that State.

Interesting Work.—The New-York Statesman announces that the narrative of Mr. Hunter, who was carried off in childhood by the Western Indians, giving an account of his residence among them till within a year or two past, will be ready for publication in August or September. The narrative will make a volume of about 300 pages, and contain an account of his travels in the extensive wilderness, stretching from the Province of Texas to the sources of the Mississippi, and from the banks of that river to the Pacific Ocean.

Joseph Bartlett, Esq. of Boston, (formerly of Portsmouth, N. H.) proposes publishing a 2nd edition of his "Aphorisms on Men and Manners, Principles and Things,"—also in the same volume a "Poem on Physiognomy," and "An Address on the blessing of Poverty."

The multiplication of Historical Societies in different parts of the Union, is a gratifying token of national feeling and of an increasing interest in every thing connected with the infancy of our country. The achievements of the New-York and Massachusetts Historical Societies illustrate the utility of these institutions, in stimulating and directing antiquarian researches and in collecting authentic materials for the use of future historians. A similar institution, of which Governor Parris is President, has recently been organized in Maine, and a Charter for the "Rhode Island Historical Society" is now pending before the General Assembly of this State, and will probably be granted at the present session.—*Providence American.*

American Patriots.—The bones of nearly 300 Americans, who were slain by the savages in the memorable battle of Minisink, have recently been collected by the patriotic citizens of Goshen, N. Y. and are to be solemnly interred in that village, on the 22d July, the anniversary of the battle.

Three youths convicted of wantonly assaulting passengers with stones, &c. have been sentenced at Baltimore to undergo solitary confinement in the jail for 30 days; to be kept on bread and water; fined \$5 each and to stand committed until the fine and costs are paid.

MARRIED.

In Westport, Mr. Alexander Groves, of Tiverton, to Miss Betsey Wilcox, of Westport.

In Middleborough, Mr. John Bent, to Miss Mary Adams of Carver.

In Albany, His Excellency William C. Gibbs, Governor of Rhode Island, to Miss Mary Kane, daughter of Elias Kane, Esq. of that place.

DIED.

In Fairhaven, 26th ult. Mrs. SUSAN POPE, aged 51, wife of Mr. Ebenezer A. Pope.

In Dartmouth, 11th inst. Mrs. CONTENT SANFORD, aged 39, wife of Capt. Caleb Sanford—14th, Miss MARY LAPHAM, aged 18, daughter of Mr. Thomas Lapham.

In Westport, 3th inst. Mr. BENJAMIN WING, aged 36.

In Middleborough, Miss Mary Cobb, aged 84—Sylvester G. Whipple, Esq. aged 46.

In Taunton, on the 10th inst. Mr. John Annis, aged 36. On the 15th, Melancy, daughter of widow Lintha Raymond, aged 6 years.

In Edgartown, Mr. Nathaniel Vincent, aged 96.

In Nantucket, 7th inst. Capt. Shubael Barnard, aged 92 years and 3 months.—Capt. Barnard was the oldest male inhabitant of this place—his funeral was attended by children of the fourth generation.

In Salem, Miss LYDIA KING, aged 65.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF NEW-BEDFORD.

ARRIVED.

June 11—Sloop Washington, Sanford, Kennebeck. 12th—Sch. Hiram, Tripp, Baltimore; sloops Ann, Wood, New-York; Three Brothers, Howland, Savannah; Henry, Snow, Boston.

13th—Sloop Experiment, Taber, New-York.

14th—Sloop Union, Shearman, Kennebeck.

15th—Sloop Neptune, Vail, Savannah via Killingsworth.

Cleared, ship Victory, Adams, for Brazil Banks; sch. Emigrant, Baker, New-York.

POETRY.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

MR. WHITAKER—The following Stanzas on the prospect of death, by Burns, are eminently beautiful. The distrust which he felt in the strength of his own virtuous resolutions; the fears that "should his Author health again dispense," "again he might desert fair virtue's way;" and his prayer for the aid of Omnipotence Divine to assist him to controul his "headlong furious passions," being fully sensible of his own inability, are expressed with a beauty and sublimity not to be surpassed:—

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.
Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran:
O Thou, Great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controuling pow'r assist e'en me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my powers be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O! aid me with Thy help Omnipotence Divine.

GERMAN WOMEN.

"The German women have a charm, exclusively their own—a touching voice, fair hair, a dazzling complexion; they are modest but less timid than English women; one sees that they have been less accustomed to meet with their superiors among men, and that they have besides less to apprehend from the severe censures of the public. They endeavour to please by their sensibility, to interest by their imagination; the language of poetry and the fine arts are familiar to them; they coquet with enthusiasm, as they do in France with wit and pleasantry. That perfect loyalty which distinguishes the German character, renders love less dangerous to the happiness of women; and perhaps they admit the advances of this sentiment with the more confidence, as it is invested with romantic colours; and disdain and infidelity are less to be dreaded there than elsewhere.

Love is a religion in Germany, but a poetical religion which tolerates too easily all that sensibility can excuse. It cannot be denied that the facility of divorce in the Protestant states is prejudicial to the sacredness of marriage. They change husbands with as little difficulty as if they were arranging the incidents of a drama; the good nature common both to men and women is the reason that so little bitterness of spirit ever accompanies these easy ruptures; and as the Germans are endowed with more imagination than real passion, the most extravagant events take place with singular tranquillity; nevertheless, it is thus that manners and character lose every thing like consistency; the spirit of paradox shakes

the most sacred institutions, and there are no fixed rules upon any subject.

One may fairly laugh at the ridiculous airs of some German women, who are continually exalting themselves even to a pitch of affectation, and who sacrifice to their pretty softness of expression all that is marked and striking in mind and character; they are not open, even though they are not false; they only see and judge of nothing correctly, and real events pass like phantasmagora before their eyes. Even when they take it into their heads to be light and capricious, they still retain a tincture of that sentimentality which is held in so high honour in their country. A German woman said one day, with a melancholy expression, "I know not wherefore; but those who are absent pass away from my soul." A French woman would have rendered this idea with more gaiety; but it would have been fundamentally the same.

Notwithstanding these impertinences, which form only the exception, there are among the women of Germany numbers whose sentiments are true and whose manners are simple. Their careful education, and the purity of soul which is natural to them, render the dominion which they exercise soft and equal; they inspire you from day to day with a stronger interest for all that is great and generous, with more of confidence in all noble hopes, and they know how to repel that bitter irony which breathes a death-chill over all the enjoyments of the heart. Still we seldom find among them that quickness of apprehension, which animates conversation and sets every idea in motion; this sort of pleasure is scarcely to be met with any where out of the most lively and the most witty societies of Paris. The chosen company of a French metropolis can alone confer this rare delight: elsewhere we generally find only eloquence in public, or tranquil pleasure in familiar life. Conversation, as a talent, exists in France alone; in all other countries it answers the purposes of politeness, of argument, or of friendly intercourse: in France, it is an art, to which the imagination and the soil are no doubt very necessary, but which possesses, besides these, certain secrets by which the absence of both may be supplied when necessary."—*Madame de Staël's Germany.*

THE PARSON'S WIG.

Some very long time since, Parson M——, of Massachusetts (then a British colony,) happening at Boston, bought him a wig there, and returning home, wore it at church the next Sabbath. As a wig of such a size and shape was quite a novelty in that obscure place, it gave offence to almost the whole congregation, who, both male and female, repaired the next day to their minister's house, and stated their complaint, the burden of which was, that the wig was one of the Boston notions, and had the look of fashion and pride. The good-natured minister, thereupon, brought it forth, and bade them fashion it to their own liking. This task they set about in good earnest, and, with the help of scissors, cropped off lock after lock, till at last they all declared themselves satisfied—save one, who alledged, that wearing any wig at all, was, in his opinion, a breach of the commandment which saith, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath." This last objector Mr. M—— silenced, by convincing him that the wig, in the condition it then was did not resemble any thing either above or below.

Even so fares it with the characters that make it their aim to please every body. Slashed on this side and on that, and twisted into every shape and out of all shape, they finally come to the condition of his reverence's wig.

ON POETRY.

The sentiments of poets are the sentiments of the human heart, embodied into words by superior sensibility and genius; poetical ideas are the pure feelings of the soul, of which every one is conscious, but which few can express; consequently every human being, endued with sensibility and feeling, must be highly interested in, and greatly influenced by poetry.

There can be little doubt, that, if the works of the best poets were more generally studied and comprehended than they now are, the human character would not be so degraded by that callous coldness of heart, nor polluted by that vile vulgarity of vice, which, now, so often obtrude themselves upon our sight, in all the loathsomeness of their deformity; because the sentiments to be found in those books, if they are felt and understood, raise the mind to such a state of pure and of pleasurable excitement, that it cannot, possibly, while under their influence, descend to the contaminating degradation of grovelling and sensual iniquity, or to the despicable meanness of pitiful chicanery and fraud. Let any one observe the movements of his heart, while he feels the thrill of sublime delight, or of pathetic emotion, excited by some of the strains of Burns, of Beattie, of Thomson, of Milton, or of Young, and he will find, that they are all tuned to benevolence, to affection, to gratitude, to love, and to adoration of him, who rideth upon the wings of the wind; and that no base, selfish, or unworthy sensation can find its way into a mind occupied by such noble and exalted views.

He who acquires an early habit of delighting in and of studying the best poets, will never know that fatal hour when his heart-strings shall cease to vibrate to the sweet impulses of benevolence and of kindness. The sentiments of the poets are the most exalted and the most dignified sentiments of humanity, arrayed in the splendid garb of language the most forcible and impressive; whence all the emotions, which melt the glowing heart, or chain the soul in speechless pleasure, or dart rapture through each thrilling nerve, or raise the sigh of sorrow, and bedew the cheek with pity's tear at the prayer of want, and the plaint of woe, or lift up the mind to all the elevated feelings, which adorn and ennoble man, which render him a blessing to his fellow-men, and a zealous, faithful servant to his God, are called forth and roused into action, by the strains of our bards of higher fame.

"Then hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely bold, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O, let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!
Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe,
For, well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide."

ANECDOTE.—As Francis I. happened one day to be amusing himself by a combat of lions, a lady, having let her glove fall, said to Delorges—"If you wish me to believe you love me as much as you every day swear you do, go and bring back my glove." It was the age of chivalry, and Delorges immediately went down among those terrible animals, took up the glove, returned, and presented it to the owner; but in despite of her arts and advances, refused ever to visit her again. "The age of chivalry is gone," but ladies may yet peruse this anecdote with advantage. It is dangerous to require such proofs of affection, as shew the want of it in themselves.

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